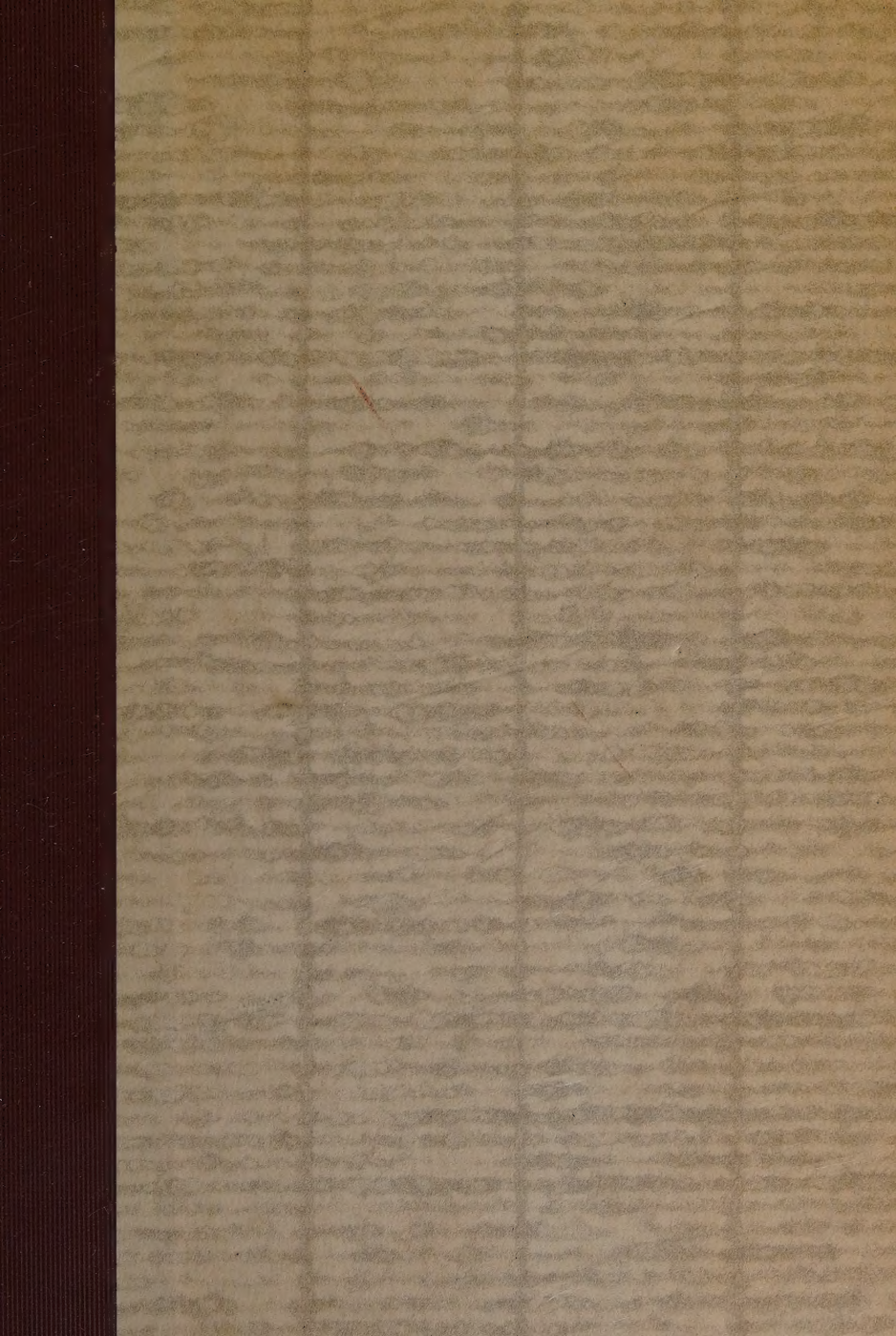






ROCKWELL DENNIS HUNT

To *Learn Rockwell H. Hunt*

Faithfully
Louis Hann

Stuart Library
of Western Americana

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THE PACIFIC

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UNIVERSITY
OF
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
POEMS

EDITED BY
LOUIS WANN, ALLISON GAW, AND
ROY T. THOMPSON

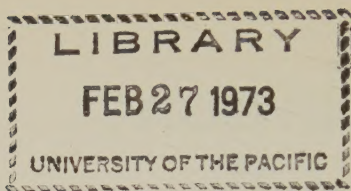
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1930

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES, 1930

SEMICENTENNIAL PUBLICATIONS



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FOREWORD



THE poems here published constitute that body of original verse written by present and former students at the University of Southern California which seemed to the editors worthy of representing in some measure the contribution to one of the creative arts achieved during the latter decades of the first fifty years in the life of the University. Contributions were invited from all alumni, as well as from all present and former students (undergraduate and graduate) who for any reason might not have completed requirements for a degree at this institution. The editors are aware, however, that in spite of earnest efforts to reach all who were eligible many worthy contributions have been missed. The selection here published represents the honest, no doubt faulty, but unanimous choice of the three editors who were alone entrusted with the preparation of this anthology.

A Biographical Index of Authors has been added to indicate the academic connections of the contributors. Acknowledgment should be made of the important part played by the University of Southern California chapter (Os Rune) of the American College Quill Club, which has exerted a strong influence in the field of creative composition since its establishment on the campus in 1918. A considerable number of the authors here represented are members of this chapter. Appreciation is also due to the Apolliad, an annual exhibition for all of the creative arts at the University, now in its sixth year, and productive of a number of the poems here included.

For the warm interest displayed by all who have contributed, whether in material or in assistance, including the publishers of copyrighted poems (acknowledged in detail elsewhere), the editors are sincerely grateful.

L. W.

A. G.

R. T. T.

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The Boulevardier (Detroit):

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Jessica's Book (Selwyn and Blount, Ltd.):

"Dedication to *Jessica's Book*" and "Oriental Sonnet," by William Van Wyck.

Los Angeles Examiner:

"The Debt," by Frank C. Tillson.

Los Angeles Saturday Night:

"Lady of the Lonely Eyes," by Pauline Garner Curran.

The Lyric West:

"A Little Tune o' Tears," by Pauline Garner Curran.

"The Desert" and "Summer Storm in Los Angeles," by Ethellean Tyson Gaw.

"The Little Things," by Julia Norton McCorkle.

"Nocturne," "River Songs" and "Sabbath," by Norma Miller.

"Doubt is a Gray Moth" and "Good Shepherd," by Betty Frazee Moses.

"Prudence" and "Theft," by Ellinor L. Norcross.

"Two French Towns" and "Dawn," by W. Everett Scotten.

"Shadow of Night," by Eleanor Mary Titus.

Palms (New York City):

"Mulberry Moons," by Pauline Garner Curran.

The Parchment (The American College Quill Club):

"Three Lovers Sing of a Maid" and "If We Could Talk," by Frances Hall.

"Clouds," by Susan Kimball Gilkerson.

"Today," by Dorothy Lillis Walker.

The Personalist:

"Found in a Notebook" and "The Love Sonnet of a Philosopher on Reading Ouspensky's *Tertium Organum*," by Leslyn MacDonald.

Poems in Honor of the Vergilian Bimillennium (Los Angeles City School District:

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"Naples, 1590," by Helen Walker Truesdell.

Some Gentlemen of the Renaissance (Edward W. Titus):

"Michelangelo," by William Van Wyck.

Sonnets of Spinsterhood (Paul Elder and Company):

"Not Every Cloistered Nun," by Snow Longley Housh.

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"A Barnegat Love Song" and "The Minor Poet," by Ethelean Tyson Gaw.

Southern California Wampus:

"Pride" and "Lois," by Homer Gane.

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"In Cornwall" and "The Dead Dancer," by Snow Longley Housh.

The Wooden Horse (Os Rune of American College Quill Club):

"Rain Song," by Betty Frazee Moses.

"Hellas," by W. Everett Scotten.

"Phantom," "To One in Motley" and "Query," by Nellie Whybark.

The Writer:

"Christmas" and "The Roustabout Moon," by Dorothy M. Davis.

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POEMS

OVERNE ABNEY

DRAGONFLY DANCE

Burnished dragonflies,
Darting,
Flitting,
Incessant
Needle-flames of color.

Sheer as gauze petals
Their wings,
Touching,
Brushing,
In dragonfly turning.

Wistful as remembrance,
Returning,
Soundless
As shadows,
Poignant as regret.

CHARLENE MYNETTE BALCOM

AUTUMN

Red vine-leaves drift
Upon amber-colored water;
But in my heart
Snows have already fallen,
And the screaming of a heron
Is the night wind
In dead branches.

REFLECTION

When you reached
Into the lotus pond,
I saw the reflection
Of a young willow
Trailing slender branches
In the water.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

I am stabbed with the sharp odor
of chrysanthemums.
All day they were many-colored,
Like the garments of a geisha;
Now they are ragged shadows,
Dim against the dark courtyard.
Still I am hurt
With their knife-keen scent.

MORGAN B. COX

NOCTURNE

i

Echo is dumb

Vermilion-hued reflections in the west
Above foam-lathered cliffs, relume the crest
With transient glory.

Like an inevitable flood the dark's first shadows come,
Where, vast and still,
High on yon rocky promontory,
A feudal ruin sleeps
Abode of many a quaint or half-forgotten story.

The blackest dyes of evening tint the hill.

Over crumbling, solitary walls
A timid moonbeam creeps,
Dissolving in the dust of long-untrodden halls.

Afar, a night bird calls
With hollow melody of reed-tuned flute.

Across the sky a warning pallor sweeps.

Night falls
And even the surf's dull resonance is mute.

ii

The day departs, despondent and alone,
Trailing its glory over wan, green sea.
A hermit wind's lugubrious undertone

MORGAN B. COX

Accompanies it into eternity.
Like rain transformed to gold,
Stars drop into the blue-dark of the sky.

The wind returns: icy and thin and chill;
With feeble, labored breath;
Wavering and cold —
As if it has, in that brief hour, grown old,
Or, suddenly ill,
Certain that it must die,
Drifts landward, questing death. . . .

iii

A white line marks the bay.
Blackened and shadowless, the village seems —
Etched by the moonlight — like a thing of dreams.
The curfew's tolling, lingering, dies away.
Even above the highest tide's wet reach
A weary fisherman, on the gleaming sand,
Keel-turns his boat, plods home across the beach.

iv

Like phantom melodies from fairyland,
The faint half-echoes of a mermaid's voice
Caught in the up-swell of the green, smooth waves
Float down the curving strand —
Soft lullabies that once were Neptune's choice —
And, surface-lifted from the quiet deep,
As if the elements are lulled to sleep,
Whisper of sea-built caves. . . .

PAULINE GARNER CURRAN

MULBERRY MOONS

Watching my trays under mulberry moons,
Working and dreaming above the cocoons,
Yearning for westward breezes, I sing,
"I am a moth with a broken wing."

Mist hides the sun in her silvery hair;
Amber and pade are caught in the snare.
War gods thunder where wild geese rise,
Over my roof the rainbow dies!

Many the moons that come and go,
Years that run as the Ho Hwang Ho;
Rain and the evening bell and tears
Fall on the land of a thousand years!

A LITTLE TUNE O' TEARS

Where can I find that hauntin' tune my father used to play
On all the roads o' Donegal before he sailed away —
A little strain so gay, so sad, a little tune o' tears?
O Donegal, I'm comin' back to hunt behind the years!

I'm wishin' to be seein' all the mists above the moors;
I'm wishin to be feelin' the gay greetin' at your doors.
Oh, sure, an' I'll be huntin' soon, a-huntin' all my lone
For that cryin', singin', liltin' tune he played beyond Tyrone.

It's too laughin' for a banshee, much too cryin' for an elf;
But I know there would be fairies that had listened to himself!

PAULINE GARNER CURRAN

I'll follow up the bogland, over rocky hills and all,
Just lookin' for his shadow on the roads o' Donegal.

I'll listen to the singin' o' the colleens and old men
That wander up the curvin' paths from Adara to Glen.
Maybe I'll find that achin' song, that little tune o' tears.
O Donegal, I'm comin' back to hunt behind the years!

LADY OF THE LONELY EYES

Lady of the lonely eyes,
Leaning out of Paradise,
Have you not enough of rapture
That you strive again to capture

Days on earth left long ago,
Days of happiness and woe?
Do you not find heaven merry
As the wooded vales of Faery?

As you lean from opal bars,
Watching far-off budding stars,
Is it that you've lost a lover?
Why do you forever hover

On the silver edge of night,
Like a heron poised for flight?
Needs great joy a bit of leaven —
Just a hint of grief in heaven?

DOROTHY M. DAVIS

CHRISTMAS

If I were not sane —
Or at least, convention-sane —
I should go up the hills
And gather red holly
And evergreen
And mistletoe
And sing, "Joy to the world!" loudly
Down the length of Broadway
If I were not sane!
 Now, I shall go and order
 Two dozen Christmas cards;
 And people will run their fingers over the letters
 And say, "Engraved."

THE BRUTE

I am mad at the moon!
Tonight as I was writing I pulled my window shade,
So he could not look over my shoulder
And read what I said.
Then — I began to wonder.
The moon was probably very angry, I thought.
Very likely he was furious at the insult,
Quite turning lemon-yellow with rage.
He must be trying to peek in around the edges of the blind
To see my secret.
Silly moon!
Had he never known before that I had other lovers?
I laughed.

DOROTHY M. DAVIS

It was so nice to have the moon all curious.
I thought I would just glance out casually and see
What the moon was doing.

————— He was gone!

I am mad at the moon!

THE ROUSTABOUT MOON

The Moon is a roustabout!
Gets in as I start out!
He staggers home through the mists of the morn,
All pale, hollow-eyed, ashamed and forlorn.
He carries his shoes in his cold shaking fingers
And hides behind trees; behind houses he lingers.
His brilliance and wit of the evening before
Have gone with the silver and sparklers he wore;
For the Dawn, nimble-fingered, has frisked him for fair
Of his shimmers and beams,
His spells and his dreams,
And the Stars have danced gaily on, leaving him there,
Betrayed like a lout.
Oh! The Moon is a roustabout!

GLADYS GANE

D E S E C R A T I O N

The tapers have burned out;
The crucifix hangs awry;
At my feet, the cup lies broken.
Did I worship in vain before Love's altar?

T H O U G H T S

I would forget you, as birds, flown to summer lands
Are forgotten until spring,
And remember you only in hours of dreaming.
But the sight of you disturbs me, as a wind blowing
On troubled waters that will not rest.
I would that there were a calm where I might forget.

I have hidden my love as one hides treasure.
To those seeking for it, there are signs
Pointing to its hiding place.
To the dull-eyed, it is buried deep
On an island washed by green sea-waves
And foam of laughter and song.

R E A L I T Y

Sometimes at the sound of your voice
I think I can hear the bird in my heart
Begin to sing again.
I listen.
It is only the desolate wind
Blowing through the empty cage.

HOMER GANE

DEATH CAME TO ME IN
THE DUSK

Death came to me in the dusk,
And she was lily-pale —
With the star-dust in her eyes —
Blue twilight for a veil.

Death came to me in the dusk;
Her breath was honey-sweet,
She thrilled me with her strange cold kiss —
I fainted at her feet!

Death leaned over in the dusk —
With exquisite pain I was numb —
She whispered with her scarlet lips,
“Come Come ”

Death ensnared me in the dusk
With wild bewildering charms —
The Gods of Evening heard my cry
And tore me from her arms.

Death departed in the dusk
And she was lily-pale —
With the star-dust in her eyes —
Blue twilight for a veil.

L O I S

Alive, she loved rhythm —
The swing of Jazz:

HOMER GANE

Now she will hear only the rhythm
Of the Earth's breath — slow, majestic.

She loved the crowds:
I wonder — Will she be lonely
With just the worms and moles
As company?

She loved the noise and bright lights:
Will she not be frightened
At the thick, dead silence
Of the grave?

TO A PERSIAN BULBUL

Pearl moonbeams dance on the lily pool —
I shiver with delight
When your lovely liquid melody
Floats lilting through the night.

PRIDE

You are tall and straight —
I love you!
And your lips are richly carved,
Your eyes — green pools of mystery —
You are proud.
My throat aches for your loveliness —
For a touch of your lips
I would fall headlong
Down at your slim white feet —
But I am very proud!

ETHELEAN TYSON GAW

A BARNEGAT LOVE SONG

I never race the sunrise
 To stand beside the sea,
But that the dawn-lit glow of it,
The rosy dimpled flow of it,
 Is telling, love, of thee.
A smiling sea, a dimpling sea,
 That flushes mile on mile —
And oh, the flower-sweet gleam of it,
The thrill and mystic dream of it!
 It's your own lips I'm thinking of —
 Your rosy, dimpled smile!

I never stand at noon-day
 Beside the summer sea,
But that the crystal blue of it,
The radiant, sky-kissed hue of it,
 Is telling, love, of thee.
A changeless sea, a tender sea,
 So wide and deep and true
And oh, the healing balm of it,
The magic, jewelled calm of it!
 It's your own eyes I'm thinking of —
 Your own dear eyes of blue!

I never stand at evening
 Beside the sunset sea,
But that the flaming leap of it,
The purple-misted sweep of it,
 Is telling, love, of thee.
A royal sea, a flaming sea,

ETHELEAN TYSON GAW

And rainbow fires above!
And oh, the glory light of it,
The far-flung, deathless might of it!
It's your own heart I'm thinking of —
Your golden heart of love!

THE DESERT

From the swirling dust of long-dead worlds,
Lustreless, dun,
Dully folding,
With never a glint of allurement,
I have fashioned a vesture austere to hide my fair stretching
limbs
When he comes wooing — my lusty, red-eyed, importunate
lover,
The Noon-Day Sun.

But when comes the other,
My Beloved, the wide-eyed, wonder-voiced Dawn!
Then stand I forth in a garment of excellent beauty,
A shimmering web I have hidden away
From the eons old when I held in my arms
The inconstant tumultuous océan.
Over my strong white ivory limbs it falls,
This sea-shell's dream of a garland —
Roses, with hearts of silver,
Enmeshed in the gossamer wings of a swarm of little ghost
violets.

ETHELEAN TYSON GAW

So, arrayed for my Love,
My deep white breast athrob with the golden joy of his
nearness,
I await, in the silence that sings,
My Lord of the Dawning.

THE MINOR POET

I climbed a holy hill
Sheathed in gold flame.
Down from that glory height
Winged I came.

I saw the smile of God
Born of Love's eyes —
Caught in my web of song
Love fainting lies.

I heard the morning stars
Croon to the sea —
Could I but snare in words
That mystery!

Oh, Psyche kissed my heart,
Phoebus my eyes,
But on my eager lips
Dumb magic lies!

SUMMER STORM IN
LOS ANGELES

When a July storm sweeps down from the blue-black Sierras
The trees in the park murmur together,
Surprised

ETHELEAN TYSON GAW

And a little abashed.

They stand looking away from the mountains,
Murmuring to each other,
Like well-bred people at an afternoon tea
Who talk at random, politely oblivious,
When an awkward maid upsets the tea-wagon.

The pepper tree,
A luscious Spanish dowager,
Trailing oriental perfume,
Vivid in green satin,
With many antique rubies sewn in her bodice,
Rustles her fair rotundity aggrievedly.

The royal palm,
A slender, silver-gowned princess debutante,
Bashfully digs tiny silver-shod feet into the moist grass,
And droops shyly
With a delicious beckoning motion of her graceful limbs.

There is no nonsense about the English oak.
The cloudless skies of his adopted home bore him at times,
When memories of gray Atlantic combers,
Thunderously climbing the white cliffs of Albion,
Stir in his subconsciousness.
So he lifts his head challengingly to meet the rushing wind.
He chuckles in his deep voice,
Glorying in combat.

As two surprised savage chieftains,
The sentinel palms
Stand stiffly at the gate

ETHELEAN TYSON GAW

In their slender dark nakedness,
Shaking their tufted head-dresses in bewilderment.

The flower-like foreigner,
The Japanese maple,
Crouches low, blushing a shy, bright red,
When the importunate wind woos her too roughly.
She looks toward the blue-black Sierras,
Thinking in her heart of white Fujiyama.
The date palm,
Swaggering like a corpulent brigand,
A bag of gold nuggets clasped closely to his breast,
Rattles his daggers threateningly.
Yet he throws his golden nuggets all about him,
As if offering his treasures to appease
This sudden wrath of the storm gods of the mountains.

But when the July storm is over
And the trees in the park look again on the familiar blue
 skies of California,
They preen themselves complacently
As — not daring to look each other in the eye —
They murmur politely, "It was nothing — an awkward *contretemps* — but diverting."

SUSAN KIMBALL GILKERSON

C L O U D S

Clouds are great grey monsters;
In their wake come tears.

Hurl them over the edge of the world,
Wind of Spring!
Cast them out of the fathomless blue!

Now they put on fleecy white masks —
Ah, Wind! do not let them trick you by disguise.

Drive them into uncharted space —
Farther — farther still —
Dash them in an angry sea!
Nay, better,
Fling them in the fires of sunset,
Wind of Spring!

ISABEL McREYNOLDS GRAY

FRAGMENT

Oh nights and days, weeks, and months, and years!
What have you done with me? Give me the reins
That I may drive the chariot of my sun
Back to its zenith! I will not be quenched!
I will be glorious, before I plunge
My light beneath the wave!

THE CHOICE

I would not tramp the highways. Nay,
Though the sea and her cities lie that way —
Tall mast and gilded dome.

I would not search the byways, though
The dim paths lead where rivers flow
And silent wood-wraiths roam.

Mine be the straight lane at whose end
I find contentment for my friend
And the sweet light of home.

ALMA E. GUNNING

ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES

Triptolemus had left his furrowed fields
And crossed the glade to Ceres' shrine. The grove
Was dark, but on the altar burned the fire
Replenished night and morning by his gifts
Of oil and incense, fragrant woods and leaves.
The thoughtful youth now gazed upon the fire
And joyously bestowed his gift of love.
From vine-clad portal came the goddess fair
And breathed her Eleusinian Mysteries:

"Triptolemus, I yearn to make of you
A god immortal. You are god in germ;
I knew it when I held you in my arms,
The fever burning on your infant brow,
Your eyes illumining my shadowed soul
That sorrowed for my lost Persephone.
I shared with you my cup of sorrow, stilled
Your heart with songs my own child always loved;
Then laid you sleeping in the soft warm shroud
Of ashes grey that covered living coals,
And your soft breath revived the lambent flames,
Which played about your lips, their source of life;
And at their touch you smiled. I knew you dreamed
Of dancing lights and fires that never die.
See! even now the flame near where you stand
Burns blue and gold. Your breathing gave it life;
Yet it must feed upon these elements
Which earth has given you for sacrifice.
Submerge the flame and forth it bursts anew,
Its struggle with material — its power.

ALMA E. GUNNING

And thus man's spirit grows. His life is fed
By earthly sustenance, which he consumes
To rise a glorious fire to light the world.

"And see, Triptolemus, the vision in the flames —
A few days hence, a thousand torches burn,
The symbols of men's thoughts lit by the fire
Here burning as a symbol of your mind.
Each torch shall light a thousand candle flames
And those a million rush-lights spreading sparks
To light the thoughts for ages with your thought.
And man shall teach the sparks to travel threads
Of metal stretched through air from sea to sea,
To glance as lightning through the realms of space,
To form great crosses on the mountain tops
Where multitudes shall greet the dawning day
With praises sung to Life as Lord of Death.
Persephone returned will join the throng
And bring her tribute from the underworld —
Green carpets for the sacred hill-side shrines
And draperies of newest moss and vines,
Frail golden cups all filled with purest dew,
And fragrance of a million living flowers
Awakened from their dark and earthy tomb,
Where sleeping in their seeds they felt the light
Which stirred the dormant impulse to desire
For struggling upward through opposing soil.
Like fire they feed upon the elements
Which bury them until they reach the air.
Persephone has learned their mystery.
And comes each year to teach mankind the truth,
That Life is ever Lord of Death, and Youth

ALMA E. GUNNING

The springtime when desire bursts forth in bloom,
The prophecy of fruitful harvests ripe."
The youthful worshiper, his face aglow,
Stood musing. Ceres left him silently,
While shadows of the dying day inclosed
The shrine. But voices whispered everywhere,
"The light will come again; it cannot die."

FRANCES HALL

THREE LOVERS SING OF A MAID

i. THE SCHOLAR

Ah, more than Trojan Helen you are fair,
And Beatrice knew not your stately grace;
In Arthur's high-walled, stream-girt dwelling place
What unguessed idylls, chivalrous and rare,
They might have penned — and lived — had you been there!
How old romancers would have framed your face
With bright phrase-jewelings, with soft word-lace,
And made a shining legend of your hair!

Though you are come on newer, grosser times
And all your lyric beauty knows the pang
Of being schooled to stern, staccatic prose,
Still with your proud, enchanting presence goes
Remembrances of her whose voice once sang
To Abelard in his cathedral chimes.

ii. THE WARRIOR

Strong-pinioned spirit soaring toward the sun,
Valkyrian rider on the winds of joy,
Exultant as all shouting streams that run,
Glad with such gladness as sea songs employ;
Your eyes are bright as sword blades' flashing steel;
Your hair's like campfire smoke, mist-gold at dawn;
Your heart is jubilant with warrior zeal;
Invincibly you go crusading on.
Like conquering pennons fluttering pale and white
Is every mystic movement of your hands;

FRANCES HALL

You gleam like beacon torches set at night;
You flame like victory's fires in war-bruised lands.

Life is a rallying trumpet call, and you
Are making answer, bugle-clear and true.

iii. THE HUSBANDMAN

You do not wander where the roses bloom
And lovely, fragile, slim-stemmed lilies blow,
Or where in ecstasies of rich perfume
The exquisite, wild, woodland violets grow;
Like gorgeous, golden summer do you go
In tawny glory through the ripening wheat
Where, in bright-burdened billows bending low,
The harvest makes a pathway for your feet;
The purple, clustering grapes wax not more sweet,
More filled with flowing fragrance on their vine,
Than you, whose kindred pulses know the beat
Of earth's abundance, heady as old wine.
Child of the soil you are . . . of fertile loam,
Of breasted hills, and a hearthfire-loving home.

IF WE COULD TALK

If we could talk as murmuring waters do
In rippling nuances of shining sound,
And by smooth-waved serenity girt round,
Exchange slow words with just a friend or two
As ocean patterns shift from green to blue;

FRANCES HALL

And when our talk should veer to things profound
If it would gleam like water deepening down,
To bare rock bottom and there build anew —
We could not hurt each other quite so much;
We should not grope for words to clothe our dreams
We'd paint our pictures with a foam-soft touch,
Or write a symphony in phosphorous gleams.
And in our love songs there would always be
The deep, unending yearning of the sea.

SNOW LONGLEY HOUSH

IN CORNWALL

These are the cliffs where once pale Iseult stood
Watching with shadowed eyes the white foam crawl
Across black rocks, and heard the sea birds' call
Echo her stifled heart's cry. How the flood
Of rapture had raced singing through her blood,
Even as the tide against the bare sea wall
Uprose to dizzy heights, only to fall
To bitter shallows where dark tortures brood.

Today the sea is still. The passionate surge
Of waves is silenced for a little space.
Iseult and Tristram are a story told
To dulling ears. The white flame of her face
Is dead as, in my heart, love's youthful urge.
The sea is still today, and I am old.

THE DEAD DANCER

Silver slippers, slim gray stockings,
Dress a-glitter — Death
Cannot lie with this radiant creature.
Vainly he stilled her breath.

Bronze coffin cannot hold her.
She will break through the sod,
Climb to the light in passionate roses,
And dance her way to God.

SNOW LONGLEY HOUSH

“NOT EVERY CLOISTERED NUN”

Not every cloistered nun wears garments dark,
Nor wreathes her pale brow with a band of white,
Full many a tress-crowned forehead bears the mark
Of calm renunciation of love's light.
No tapers burn, no low chant casts its spell,
She does world-service in life's busy mart;
And yet I seem to hear the vesper bell
Faint echo in the cloisters of her heart.
And sometimes, when the day of toil is spent,
She seeks her shrine in sacrificial mood,
And dedicates afresh, with tired head bent,
The votive offering of her womanhood.

EDITH MARIE KING

“ I H A D N O T K N O W N ”

I had not known that love was just a deepening of soul.
I had expected star song, and spring wind,
Glory of sunset, and the mystery
Of moon-path on the sea —
And now, the sea itself
And with the greater joy the deeper pain,
And with the pain a wild, sweet tenderness
Like the incoming tide

W I N D O W S

I must have windows looking toward the sky —
I know not why
Except that sun and shadow and the changing blue
Are part of me.
When I have learned to look on life
With wise, cool eyes;
Have learned that stars are distant things,
And that the song is not the singer;
When I have learned to count my minutes by a clock
And not by heart beats —
Then, perhaps, I can live within four walls
And not look out at all,
Nor know the need of kneeling for a moment
Where the dawn creeps in.
But now — I must have windows toward the sky —
Or your dear eyes!

EDITH MARIE KING

M E A S U R E

The rest of life is but a note
In the stars' song,
But, oh, it is a long time
To walk alone!

R E A S O N

It is not that I do not love you,
Nor that I could forget,
Only that when my faith in you
Was gone, I could not set
You on a pedestal within
My mind, to make you tall —
Knowing how worshipers are crushed
When gods of marble fall.

JOSEPHINE MONKMAN KOKE

IN AN ORIENTAL COURTYARD

You woo'd me with fragrant incense and the sound of a flute;
You gave me warm kisses and spoke of the pearl of my eye-
lids;

You sang of an old palace among the trees of an Indian
jungle, over whose roof hung sweet oriental flowers;
You told me of a courtyard with a silver fountain, and you
whispered of passionate nights;

But you forgot to tell me of the stale air in the dungeon-like
rooms; of the windows so high I could not see out;
You did not mention the damp stone walls; the stagnant water
in the fountain that breathed its foul breath over the
courtyard.

A hundred unwashed generations had lived in those rooms
and left the stench of their bodies.

Last night you beat me as though I had been any native
woman —
This morning, I killed you.

HARVEST MOON

The lemon-colored honey has gushed from the comb and made
a river of sweetness in the brown earth;
The yellow corn hangs heavy from the dried stalks that rustle
as the men pass between them;
The sunflowers by the road are drooping with dust;

JOSEPHINE MONKMAN KOKE

And the women's arms that lift up the bundled hay are golden-
rose from the sun, the color of peaches hanging ripe
on the boughs;
The children have piled up the nuts that fell with the first
frost;
And the maidens have dipped their hands in the sweet cider
vats and tasted it from their fingers;
The young men have eaten of the blushed pears as they
gathered them;
And now in the chill of the evening, the harvesters come
singing home from the fields.

BIRTH OF APHRODITE

Dark clouds hung low above the sea,
Swollen with rain and pierced by lightning thrusts
That burst the heavy sky and brought the storm.

The ocean in travail was torn with pain and moaned
Against the shore, then unrelieved sank back into the deep;
The caves were filled and drained and filled again;
Fishes and shells were dashed upon the rocks;
And on the waves the coarse sea-weeds
Floated like tangled hair of long-drowned girls.

The world lay tense with agony;
The sea bore down, the womb was torn,
And from the mist a naked form arose,
White as the foam from which it came;
The clouds were rent, the moon shone through,
And Aphrodite breathed upon the bosom of the sea.

JOSEPHINE MONKMAN KOKE

ACIDALIA, A FOUNTAIN
IN BOEOTIA

Venus has a little pool
So crystal clear, so cool,
The Graces often come to it to bathe;

And tossing up the water in the air,
The drops fall diamonds on their hair.

JULIA NORTON McCORKLE

THE LITTLE THINGS

And now that love is dead
It is the little things
That seem to tear my heart —
The hour of dusk alone,
When once I used to hear
Words spoken in your dear low voice.
I climb the hill and think
How once you climbed it with me
When the trees were green with spring.
We laughed together, then,
When love was very young.

And now that love is dead
It is the little words
That seem to tear my heart.
Some little laughing phrase
Brings back your teasing ways
That made the other days so glad.
I say some trivial thing,
And hear your quick reply
At which we laughed, feeling
That life was very good
When love was very young.

And now that love is dead
It is the little things
That seem to tear my heart.

LESLYN MACDONALD

BITTER WATER

The quiet falling of this rain,
This rain falling,
Is the end of a far airy journey
From the sea to my window pane.

Far lies the lovely blue and bitter water
Thick with color and salt.
If I lift my face to this rain
I may drink the water now; it is sweet,
It is purged of the salty stain,
It is pure and silver again.

In a slanting sunset
This water was drawn from the sea,
And in the carrier clouds, like doves
Flying above the grain,
Inland over the hills
The sea was brought in the rain.

But my heart is thirsty,
My heart is bitterly thirsty for the bitter water,
I will not be glad till I have the sea again.
And on my face the tears are quietly falling,
Like a salty rain.

TEA TIME

I weed the mint and parsley beds
And lift the heavy aster heads.

LESLYN MACDONALD

Oh I have many cunning tricks
To pass the time from four to six.

I water where the lawn is new
And have forgotten it was you

Who used to come my cobbled walk
Each day 'twixt four and six o'clock.

I bake my sister little cakes,
And pastry in thin faery flakes,

And set the garden tray for two—
Give her the cup I saved for you.

And I am not impatient now
When day slips to the hilltop's brow.

But sometimes, sitting down for tea,
'Tis not my sister sups with me.

FOUND IN A NOTEBOOK

I think God lives in very far blue skies
And dreaming trees, and mould of leaves blown down,
In noise and jostle of the bright-roofed town,
And little children's alien surprise.
I sometimes pierce His cleverest disguise —
He is the thought behind the pensive frown,
He is the color in the maple's gown;
He is a Person, very gay and wise.

LESLYN MACDONALD

But in the clanging joust of word and word
I think He takes no part, but hides His head,
Annoyed, as by a gnat's dim buzzing sound.
And when the final edict has been heard,
And when the last philosopher is dead,
He'll lift His brow, and calmly look around.

THE LOVE SONNET OF A
PHILOSOPHER ON
READING
OSPENSKY'S *TERTIUM ORGANUM*

They say that Chanticleer thinks that he sings
A new sun up each day, and that he sees,
Beyond the yard, a newer row of trees
Where yesterday he crowed and tried his wings.
They say that so we see the mornings pass
One after one, while Morning stays the same —
That it is we who move, and not the flame
Of spring that sleeps eternal in the grass.

If that is so, beloved, then this year
Is not another year, but still the one
Wherein we loved, and could I only turn
My moving self, I might like Chanticleer,
Finding you constant, as he would the sun,
See Time's illusion and so cease to yearn.

MICHELANGELO BEFORE THE
MATRIX FOR HIS DAVID

Great block from earth's first fiery travail-throes,
let them mock well and scoff.
Even now, as in my brain, within thee glows
my shepherd-king.
I strip the birth-sack off.

Poising he stands there, pebble in the sling,
eyes on that giant forehead helmed in gold —
'ware the firm footing! One good moment stay,
to harken Judah's horns, to aim, to pray!
Mark him, a wolf that skulks around thy fold!
Then let the missile sing.

But, ere the deed be done
that thrones thee as thy land's elected one,
I love thee for bright youth that lacks no crown.
Need'st smite no heathen down,
to earn a lauding song;
but shine there, naked in the sun,
the Lord's anointed, radiant and strong.

Yet, lest one shade-fleck fall
Across the pattern, and I catch not all,
I too must aim and pray:

Thou, God of beauty and of day,
arm-strength and eye and stone,
all I have planned,
all I would do now is of Thee alone.

CARLYLE F. MACINTYRE

Light, rhythm, form, and stone
move at Thy nod;
and Thine the seeing eye is, God,
and Thine the chiseling hand.

THE TEAR-DROP

I sat and dreamed my grief-in-love,
and tried to write it down,
swearing there was not ink enough
in all the wells in town.
I wrote and wrote—when morning cast
her light, I found—see here!
a perfect lyric done at last,
writ with a single tear.

AUNT NANCY

"The last of life, for which the first was made."

Whenever I think of Aunty Cobb,
I see her, feet upon the hob,
or hoisting petticoats to warm
the rotund postscripts of her form;
or she would take a snack of whiskey
and walk and fan herself, quite frisky.
But every morning with her tea
she'd eat hot doughnuts, two or three.

Aunt Nancy only had one eye,
but on our travels she could spy

CARLYLE F. MACINTYRE

a field of mustard, miles away,
and she must have a mess that day.
She used to tell me of the life
she'd led with Cobb, his faithful wife :
how he ensconsed, on the rear lot,
a Swedish creature who was not
all that the town expected of
a lady; but her husband's love
she had condoned, with no demurs,
and let the children play with hers.

I see her still, hands folded on
her stomach, all illusions gone,
and how she rocked and drank and smiled
as her old age was slowly dialed;
till suddenly she died one night
and went to Jesus Christ outright . . .

I can see her peering still
for mustard greens on Heaven's hill,
or warming petticoats before
the golden flames of Peter's door.
Yea, I can hear her ask the Lord
for doughnuts at the breakfast board.

TO CRICKET ON A MAY NIGHT

Sing, brown cricket, sing!
O little lark of the grasses,
trill of love's sorrowing
as the May night passes.

CARLYLE F. MACINTYRE

Sing all night! Tomorrow
sleep thro' the gay sun's light;
sleep, forgetting the sorrow . . .
but sing tonight, tonight!

Love is wishing and yearning,
and love is awake tonight.
The firefly's heart is burning,
and burning the star's light.
The cosmic pulse beats thro' you —
sing bravely of love's grief,
for loving will undo you
with joy so brief, so brief.

Love is wishing and yearning . . .
sing loudly of love's grief.
O grass-lark, sing the burning
of joy, how brief, how brief!
Sing all night! Tomorrow
sleep thro' the sun's sweet light,
sleep, forgetting the sorrow.
But sing tonight, tonight!

LE PAPILLON

Avril

Hail, thou shining-pinioned whiteness,
snowflake of the summer,
lighter
than a cloud-wisp's lightness,
brighter

CARLYLE F. MACINTYRE

than a sun-stray's brightness,
sprite of whiteness, lightness, brightness,
swifter than the hummer —
hail, thou glad new-comer!

Frailer than the brief
windflowers,
atom leaf
of shining hours,
shuttlecock of frolic breezes,
pryer in garden-closes,
rider of virgin roses,
lovely antic pantaloons to please us,
thou white wind-blossom's fairy
mummer,
petal-airy
March-gloom overcomer;
who shall hymn thee,
laud thee, limn thee?

None but Puck's brush might paint thee.
Mortal words but taint thee;
not for thee my singing.
Angels' harp-arpeggios,
mute heart-heard solfeggios,
chords of silent song for thee were fitter.
But I, whose best hope is to press thee
with my eyes' soft touch, must bless thee,
blossom-loving flitter.
Flesh can bide thy beauty, gazing
dumbly; but my soul in praising
spends a song to mime thy happy winging,

CARLYLE F. MACINTYRE

spends a song upspringing,
an echo to thy winging.

From a worm thy magic birth is;
nurse to thee the April earth is.
Tho thy shimmering
is no rarer
than the pearl-sheen born of ocean;
tho thy glimmering
is no fairer
than the star-gleams, thou art motion!
Motion imaged whitely —
thought is not more sprightly:
motion's spirit darting lightly
down an irised wash of hours
thro' a rainbow mesh of flowers.

Tho, my gleeful bonny May-thing,
thou art but a brief one-day thing,
a daffodil-peeker,
a honey-meal-seeker,
Zephyrus' blithe plaything,
sorrow whelms me at the presage:
thou, as I, shalt leave no message,
for wings even as old parchment crumble,
all grown frail and dusty;
Time's nose finds even loveliness turned musty.
Therefore, be thou happy; therefore, be I humble.

Yet this stead of hope uprises
valiantly to stay me:
if the soul's reflection prizes

CARLYLE F. MACINTYRE

even the effort and the straining,
tho I scan no instant gaining,
love of ease shall not betray me,
nor heart-sweat dismay me;
neither shall the winds of lust
nor webs of dust
waylay me.

Thou white cherub-feather
from Paradise weather
dropped as two angels brushed shoulders together,
I too must smile, so delicate thy mirth is.
Thou, God's spring-smile-bearer,
Ariel-pinioned sharer
of Heaven's silent laughter!

But yet more rich thy boon's best worth is:
white dreamer from eternal meadows,
what comest thou chasing after?
Even as I, thou art concerned with shadows
of colour and of sweetness;
with love exultant, fiercer than a duty,
thou strivest to eke out thine incompleteness,
building thy soul's self
into a whole self
by the joyous chase for beauty.

THE ROOF AT MILAN

Fairy arches filigreed,
lace against the blue,
spiders' handicraft — concede

CARLYLE F. MACINTYRE

sound mathematics too!
Frost-trees here mock southern heat
and sprout forth giant flowers
icicles were forged and beat
for pinnacles and towers.

Saints and griffins, wolves and kings,
horses, mermaids, bees,
bishops, dolphins, snakes with wings,
nightmare witcheries,
perched and froze here. Brave they stand
five hundred years and two,
balanced as in God's right hand,
white on Milan's blue!

THE DUMB HEART

"Bah, what care we because a wench
half-choked our breath and made us blench
before black thoughts? Mad heart of mine,
bear up the nonce; learn to resign
calmly and front with fortitude
the treacherous dawning and the rude
awakening to our better sense."

Thus spake my brain with eloquence,
high-strutting, puffing on his pipe
and blowing swirls of smoke to wipe,
as 'twere, the winged pest away.
But my heart sat, with naught to say,
chin on his hand and arm on knee,
staring at nothing solemnly.

THE OLD LADY BUILDS HERSELF
A HOUSE AND MUSES
THEREON

Time was, if I had built my house,
had built my house,
it would have rung with children's noise,
tumbles, shouts, and crying.
No cricket would have dared, nor mouse,
to nest so nigh to youth's carouse;
no bric-a-brac nor flowery boughs
would have been safe 'round such a house.
Those bedrooms strewn with clothes and toys!
What small hearts, swift to griefs and joys!
Yea, every sound in such a house
more full of life than dying.

Time is, and now I build my house,
I build my house:
a nook for every pot and plate,
the gewgaws and the platters.
Snug by my hearth I harken airs
my children danced to . . . all my chairs
arranged — and empty . . . on the stairs
creep dead hopes, memories, and despairs.
Silence eyes me as I wait;
and no one comes, nor soon, nor late,
to such a house; and no one cares —
and is there much that matters?

MARY M. MATHESON

B U R I A L

These hills are burial places of the gods.
Look how the fresh grass curves on Juno's breast!
The orchid-tinted, frail godetia nods
Upon a mound; beneath it, Pan at rest;
Where giant molding marks Apollo's grave
Dull green of dusty laurel tribute lends;
Under a sand-dune, harking for a wave,
Old Neptune's shaggy restlessness extends;
Lance-like, the shaft of San Jacinto towers
Above the vibrant bitterness of Mars;
Soft sleeps Diana under lilac-flowers;
Near by, the velvet pines reach to the stars.
The gods have occupied all Earth's great tomb
And for my fragile secret left no room.

ESSENCE

That I have changed? — Even as the sycamore
Alters its youthful vibrancy of spring
To flaming scarlets, burgeoning the more
Of ecstasy in riper coloring;
Changed? — As the drifting clouds of sunlit noon
Desert their distant, chaste engendering
To blaze, at sunset, in an aureate boon,
The mellowed beauty of surrendering;
So am I altered: Pale virginity
Changed to the rich maturity of love,
Painting with surer touch fulfillment's sky;
Affection, mellowed by long constancy,
Flames with unrivalled radiance above;
So have I changed — but ever I am I.

MARY M. MATHESON

NIGHTINGALE

The harsh unrest of living tears my soul;
Let me return to glad simplicity,
Let me become once more a child, no goal
Set for my doing or capacity.
Hark to the feted bird, whose rhythmic note
Makes deluge of the world in melody;
Rapture, unmotived, from his pulsing throat
Shames into dust a poet's threnody.
Atilt the swaying tip of tallest pine
He carols to an inattentive moon;
Let innocence do honor at his shrine,
Let reason to his ribald song attune.
God! that life's mighty tumult and distress
Could so dissolve in lyric loveliness!

PRESERVATION

I shall come back this lovely path no more,
Where yellow violets frolic in the grass,
Where the pale green of silvered sycamore
Shimmers the light and shadow as I pass.
No more shall I breathe deep the dim perfume
Of orchid lilacs, radiant in the day,
And not again the mariposa's bloom
Shall lure my steps on this sequestered way.
I shall not walk this lovely path again,
And then, though seasons alter, it will be
One certain beauty, one secure refrain,
In spring's unannotated symphony . . .
Just so, your beauty, perfect for a day,
Traces, within my heart, an unchanged way.

NORMA MILLER

NOCTURNE

The ebony shell's broken
And the dreams
Flow in a staining crimson
Where the dawn streams.

All night down the valley
Withering winds went,
Stirring the haunting echoes
Of discontent.
One could fit to their moaning
Never a word,
But the rocks knew the language
And the trees heard.
Gray trees bent and they murmured
Things wind-taught,
But the rocks were impassive;
Perhaps they forgot.

When the wind goes wandering
Who can stay
Serene and immobile,
Waiting for day?
When the sky is wind-tangled
And the moon rides
Swift out into the shadows
Where space hides,
Who then can let wisdom,
Or joy, or woe
Bind chains on his body
If he would go?

NORMA MILLER

When the sharp edge of darkness
Is quick with wind,
When the long roads are deserted
And hills are kind,
The night then is a Hermes
And one keeps pace
On swift feet beside him
With light grace.

RIVER SONGS

The magnificence of your lacquered barge comes stealing
down with the current
As shadows creep eastward thro' the long afternoon.
Dip your slim hands into the stream,
O most beautiful one,
And from the tips of your white fingers
Scatter the jade drops:
Have you plunged those fingers into the coffer of my heart
That you may strew its jewels as carelessly
Over the bright water?

From your warm lips the words fall gayly
And I gather them like white pearls
To be treasured together upon the thread of my enraptured
remembrance.
But when the lips are pale and tight-drawn,
And the sounds that fall from them say unto me,
"Go hence!"
It is the thunder of the relentless axe
Tearing into the heart of a great tree.

NORMA MILLER

I have yielded up my griefs to the mists.
The soft, winding clouds drew it among them with gray arms
And hid it from me.
I shall be sad no more
For my grief is gone among the mists
Fleeing down the river before the chill wind of the morning.
The new day sparkles upon a clear stream
But the sun makes no warmth in me.
I am a nerveless thing with no will.

KREISLER

Weary old people sitting quietly in chairs
Looked up at you, faces so calm
As to be near expressionless,
And after your last bow
They went out silently, content,
Back to the lives
That had such need of calmness.

But the young, unwearied ones —
Thro' Bach, Tschaikovsky, Pasquali they listened,
And the yearning strained and strained
Until it seemed no heart could wall it and stay whole,
Yearning for life that had not come to be
Only a peace and weariness . . .
Young eyes, ecstatic, watching the white, mounting flame
Soar high and higher
Till within their bodies every thinnest vein
Ran vividly with molten light,

NORMA MILLER

Crying for you to set a rhythm that could keep in time
That radiance, so near intolerable.

But there was a gray resignation in your eyes,
And as your sure, wise fingers moved they seemed, at times,
 to linger,
Not in benediction, quite,
But in a gesture, saying — "There is age for man,
And for a flame — the ash! So let it be. —"

And the young hearts — impatient, hungry hearts — drew
 back,
Once more rebuffed
For having turned to life for deathless things.

S A B B A T H

Even the sea today
Stirs in a monotone of prayer.
I shall not pray,
For I should ask
For foolish things —
For a new song,
Or sharp, bright wings.
The Lord is silent
In the stately hills;
I'll not disturb Him
For such trivial things
As a new song,
Or wings.

BETTY FRAZEE MOSES

F U L F I L L M E N T

Now am I one with the Earth
As I never have been,
For the seed needs warmth for its birth,
And the seed needs rain
And stretching and groping out
To the world of light,
Before it emerges from sheathings of doubt
To the sight.
This seed of my soul swells into a tangible being,
And makes me an integral part of all within seeing
That broods and expands
With the warm sweet breath of the living.

Now may I hug the hills for their measureless giving
To straight young trees;
And friendly speak to the thrush
Who patiently waits alone on her nest in the bush.
For now need I have no fear
Of Age creeping down in the night;
Forever and ever now I shall dance in the light.
I shall run as the wind runs over the tops of trees,
Nor suffer the insolent slight
Of the years, like disease
Creeping upon me,
Nor tremble at Death's untruth.

Now am I made a part of immortal Youth,
Being a part of all growth
That expands to the push
Of the struggling seed.

BETTY FRAZEE MOSES

Oh permanent hills, oh thrush
Brooding in silence alone
While blue canopies
Beckon your folded wings to far-flung skies,
We are a part of a song
That knew a primordial birth
Ere darkness had lifted its veils from the new-made earth.
We are a part of the music of rotating spheres.
Standing untouched alone we smile
At the passage of years.
Death has no claim on her who nourishes seed —
For Youth is her progeny,
Loveliness waits on her need.

DOUBT IS A GRAY MOTH

Doubt is a gray Moth
Clinging to the scarlet passion-flower of Youth.
Cease fluttering, Moth,
For I would swing fearlessly in the wind
On the terrace of Truth!

TO ANCIENT LOVERS

Where are you, slim Juliet,
Who many years ago
Left fortune and your father's roof
For the dark Romeo?
I have a lover you might wish to know!
Where is young Francesca,
Or lovely Melisande
Who broke the heart of Pelleas

BETTY FRAZEE MOSES

With one frightened hand?
I have a lover they could understand.
Straight as young Paolo,
Dark as Romeo,
And whither he will beckon,
There I need to go.
Juliet, Francesca,
Lovely Melisande,
If the way be difficult
Lead me by the hand.
Melisande, Francesca,
Little Juliet,
Be quick to make a shroud for me,
If he should forget!

RAIN SONG

Gray cloud over the apple tree;
You are a hammock, gently swinging,
Silver rain. Night drowsily
Her lullaby is singing.

Under the four-o'clock the bee
Is hiding away from you.
Silken hammock, loose carefully
Your burden of rain and dew.
Down by the gate the barberry flower —
Lean low, swing low, with your rain and dew —
Filling her fragile cup.

BETTY FRAZEE MOSES

Singing over the sleepy town,
Drifting over my apple tree,
Silken hammock, rain cloud, sweep down
Carefully — so carefully!

GOOD SHEPHERD

Within your silences you keep
Your unsaid words like flocks of sheep
Behind their pasture bars so high.
I often watch them passing by,
Or count them drifting off to sleep.
Some day I shall find a way
To lead your foolish words astray,
Maybe with a crook or bell,
Maybe a look — I cannot tell —
Only this, they will not stay!
Though in your silences you keep
Them folded now like flocks of sheep,
Shepherding them well.

ELLINOR L. NORCROSS

P R U D E N C E

Agatha is very wise;
She hides her dreams within her eyes,
And makes a cloak of plain gray things
To hide her soul's gay colorings;
Caught in her songs she tones them down
To tints of orchid, mauve, and brown,
When really they are sapphire blue
With glints of orange showing through.

Agatha said that once like me
She wore her dreams where all might see,
And used to try the whole day long
To twist them in a flame of song,
But that they caught her soul instead
In cries that tore her mouth's young red.
Now she uses quiet things
To make her songs — like hills and wings —
And sends them forth sedately clad
As any grave young Quaker lad.

Some day she'll lie quite straight and still
Across the town on Mayburn Hill,
And I'm quite sure in long years she
Will be a slim young maple tree.
Her dreams can then drift o'er the town
In red leaves, gold leaves, green and brown.

ELLINOR L. NORCROSS

T H E F T

Somehow you took so many things
That were a part of me,
I cannot yet quite understand
This new passivity.

I hate this strange, quiescent me
Who never more shall run
Across the dusk-nor-dark-nor-dawn
To meet the high, white sun.

You touched this slim, young, flaming soul
Gallant, eager, proud,
And left no thing by which to know
Me from the motley crowd.

FLOY BERNICE PALMER

IN A JADE-SPUN WORLD

In a jade-spun world,
Caged by an opal sky,
I sang —
And my song soared out on eager wings
Into a world that was dancing on light toes . . .
Now they have hushed its music;
It has whimpered into silence,
Into a silence that is throbbing under a white moon.
But the torn thread of my song,
Like a scarf in the breeze,
Or a bird's feather
Drooping down from immense blueness,
Echoes away dimly,
Is lost in that loneliness of silence
Which is a memory
Of dreams —
A sacred thing to be remembered
Forever.

Under the vast spires of a temple
Carved out of cobalt seas reflecting a night sky,
On an altar of stars
I laid my heart.
It was a chant of orisons,
A rosary of dreams on which my longing played
With restless fingers . . .
Now they have crushed my heart;
On my temple's altar of stars
It lies in a chilling darkness.
But the torn thread of my heart's blood

FLOY BERNICE PALMER

With the crimson of a flower,
Of a sunset,
Of a flame,
Has fallen across the greyness of shadow
Like an everlasting beauty
That lives on
Forever.

I have stumbled
Toward the stars
And have fallen.
Yet I have dreamed of stars in a dawn sky
And the reflection of them is on my soul
Like the petals of plum blossoms over a pond.
And now if the torn thread of my dreams
Can form a fragile bridge across the sky . . .
I am content.

G H O S T S

I loved a lad in Romany
Because his eyes were blue
(Oh, long ago in Romany
Before I had met you).
I kissed my lad in Romany
As lovers do.

I loved a prince by Naples way,
And when the stars were dim
He sang to me by Naples way,

FLOY BERNICE PALMER

All fine and prim.
And he made love by Naples way,
And I made love to him.
And once far off in Brittany
Where apple blossoms grow,
I loved a boy of Brittany
(Or thought it so),
And dreamed a dream in Brittany
A very long ago.

Now far from them in London town
With foolish fancies dead,
I love a man in London town.
But oh, when day has fled,
They come to me in London town
And stand beside my bed!
I see them now ⁱⁿ London town,
And *each one shakes his head.*

F L I G H T

He sleeps! — The winds he spurned are hushed and still
Lest weeping they disturb his weary sleep;
The trees that stand as tapers at yon hill
In breathless care their silent vigil keep;
And shadows come with hushed steps and creep
To stand as phantom guardians by his bed;
And the dim, frosty stars look down and weep
Soft, shining tears upon his heavy head.
Oh dreams, be kind to him who sleeps! He is not dead.

FLOY BERNICE PALMER

The sky looks down with brooding tenderness
To see him lie like some young god, so fair.
The very night is like a soft caress;
A bird's cry trembles on the misty air
And dies away like some half-spoken prayer.
The birds are hushed with watching for the day —
Hushed with long watching and a cold despair
That creeps like fog-mist o'er a sky of gray.
The weary shadows raise their long, thin arms to pray.

Oh, hush! Be still! Break not his quiet rest!
He claimed for heritage high heaven's throne,
And rode the angry storm-wave at its crest . . .
With dawn his sons go forth to claim their own.
Where his drab trails were boundless and unknown,
They fly on charted seas with cloudy spray;
They go together where he went alone;
And his mad dream to ride the Milky Way
Is heritage for those proud sons who come today.

And now he sleeps! Oh silver night, be still!
The dawn will bring him finer wings than these
With which to ride the misty skies, until
Across the wind-torn space the southern breeze
May bear him to the shore of those wide seas.
Now let him sleep! The frightened day has fled;
The mother moon looks down and, weeping, sees
His weary arms far flung, his heavy head.
Oh dreams, be kind to him who sleeps! He is not dead!

FLOY BERNICE PALMER

D A R K

When I have watched Life's last, mad game
Be buried with the sun
In azure coffins nailed with flame;
When dawn, and noon, and dusk are done;
When I have heard the dark sweep in
On singing, shadowed wing,
Like some black, phantom wraith of sin —
God, in whatever sounding din
Or peace divine that death may bring,
When I grope out with blinded sight
Let me go laughing in the night!

I. D. PERRY

SEVEN JAPANESE BEAUTIES
IN AN OLD PRINT

Seven clustered, pale-faced maids of Old Japan :
 Nine jointed bamboo stalks; a cloud, dim-lined,
 Spread high; they stand within this space confined —
These make a frame for Ladies of the Fan.
And standing there they pose as though a ban
 Were on all motion, and from toe to flair
 Of thick, black, heavy-ornamented hair —
Without a stir, soft-sighing, as maids can.

O Ladies clad in heavy, broidered gowns,
 Impassive, eyes demurely dropping low,
 Soft colors, contrasts, like fine inlaid gold;
Did not your hearts, for all your parents' frowns,
 Beat like a cymbal when the knights a-row
 In lacquered armor passed your cloistered fold?

W. EVERETT SCOTTEN

TWO FRENCH TOWNS

Avignon

The rock of the Cathedral,
Bold-faced,
Bathed in the bright sun of Provence;

The palace of the Popes,
Chalk-white,
Many-towered,
Ponderous;

Within —
Deep embrasured windows,
Groined ceilings,
Slowly peeling frescoes,
Dust,
Ages;

Then down the steep streets,
Between close-shuttered houses,
The Hotel d'Europe,
A room on a shady court
Where Napoleon slept,
And across the sunny street
A little wineshop
Cool,
Odorous;

Out thro' the hot dusty gate
In the ramparts —
A battlemented girdle
That keeps the town from slipping into the Rhone —

W. EVERETT SCOTTEN

The little chapel
On the broken bridge where the whole world danced;
And across,
High Villeneuve
Walled and towered
Amid dry vineyards: —

That is Avignon.

Rouen

Gray stone tracery,
Gray lead roofs,
The gray sky of Normandy;

Spires
Fretted,
Heaven-pointing,
Cross-tipped;

And the round squat tower of Jeanne:

St. Ouen
Gray,
Buttressed,
Like a many-fingered claw
Clutching at the city;

In the font
A glimpse of long colonnaded nave
And tall windows like showers of rubies,
Sapphires;

W. EVERETT SCOTTEN

A candle-lit spiral stair
In the thickness of the wall;
The triforium;
A six fathom glance into the church
From a narrow stone gallery;
Then down thro' cobbled alleys
Foul-guttered
With half-timbered houses jutting out overhead
Till the sky is a ribbon —
Down to the quays
And the gray Seine
With its blunt-nosed barges going down on the tide: —
That is Rouen.

D A W N

How would you have the day come?
With a blaze of trumpets
While the guard is changed,
Clanking in morion and breastplate
And grounded halberds echoing,
And you gaze as for the first time
At your worn chaînes?
Or with a temple bell
Rumbling somewhere,
The patter of bare feet
Along the gutter,
And the punkah sweeping suddenly

W. EVERETT SCOTTEN

As furnace-breaths puff into the room
And you reach out for the siphon?

Or with the chattering of sparrows
In their leafy cubicles
On the ivied wall
Outside your bedroom window,
While the yawning City stretches
Beckoning
And you rise to follow
As always?

H E L L A S

Drunken centaurs plunge and wheel together,
Plashing thro' lakes of tall blue grass,
Picking their way nimbly thro' colonnaded groves;

While half up the cliff-side,
O'erhanging the polished pool,
A fane of milkiest Parian broods
In detachment of pure beauty —
Four cold clear notes of a silver bell
Topped with a blare of trumpets,
Rigid with calm passion;

While the brown rocks dimly echo
A hum of myriad bees
Hanging like a soft haze
On the limpid stillness.

Summer!

The Golden Age!

LORRAINE MILLER SHERER

A BETRAYED ONE SHRIEKS
FOR VENGEANCE

(From *Songs From the Willows*)

Sage Brush of the Desert,
The Indians say that you are Crouching Devils,
Devils, Devils, crouching —
Crouching.

They say that you are waiting —
Waiting.

Sage Brush of the Desert,
If you are Crouching Devils,
Crouch, crouch by the wayside —
Wait, wait by the roadway,
Wait, crouching, for my fleeing lover.
And when he comes,
When he comes,
Crouching Devils,
When he comes, slinking away over the desert,
Slinking,
Hurl him to Hell!

Oh Crouching Devils,
Do this for me.

HOMER A. SIMMONS

PANELS FROM A CHINESE
SCREEN

Red Lacquer

The sun thro' the shoji
Gives it a velvet-soft glow:
See — it is almost like
The warm pulsations of new blood
From a heart that has been broken . . .
It is,
For this morning by the reeds in the stream
I saw a dewdrop
Broken over a brown pebble,
A drop of laughter
That became two tears.

I think it is the perfume of cherry blossoms
That tantalizes me . . .

Tai-Ao

He brought me a casque of sandalwood,
Saying,
"This is my love for you."
Then he brought me a jar of cinnamon wine,
Sighing,
"This is my love for you."
On a silver tray he carried me
A rope of white jade,
Murmuring,
"This is my love for you."

HOMER A. SIMMONS

He would have brought me mirrors and gold,
Scents and sweets,
But I impatient held him,
Whispering,
"And are these your love for me?"
Stooping he kissed the hem of my green jacket,
My little green jacket which he adores,
And my heart knew the words
His lips need not form:
"Ah, this —
This is my love for you!"

Lotus Bloom

Sitting here by the stream,
Idly chewing lotus leaves,
There a dragon-fly glints. —
To me it is the poniard of your eyes.

Do you not know by now
That I too once knew
The scent of lotus bloom?

The Lute Player

Old as the hills
He sat in the dust by his doorstep
Playing a lute,
A lute that must have been made in the Chou dynasty,
For it was anciently old,
And all the strings save one were broken.
He was blind, I think,
And played with jerks and out of tune,

HOMER A. SIMMONS

But as he played I know
He was seeing cherry-trees and iris and nightingales.
Until old Shen Ling
Threw her sandal at him
And broke the one string . . .

Pearl

There is a bit of teakwood
And a thread of jade
That make her sleeve.
And see the soft gleaming finger nails,
Pink-white of pearl . . .

Pearl
That I think once was
A tear . . .

FRANK C. TILLSON

THE DEBT

Listen, ye who make the wars,
And ye who make the peace,
Who bid us fight that wars be won
And bid our labors cease,
Truly, ye are the Statesmen,
Masters of high and low,
And we but the men who did the task —
What of the debt ye owe?

Ye stood on the flag-draped sidewalk and boasted of power
and might,

While, rank after rank, down the crowded street the young
men marched to fight.

Ye lifted your voices and praised aloud the "land of the brave
and free,"

While silently, in the grim, gray dawn, the transports crept
to sea.

Ye read of Chateau Thierry, by the breakfast table spread,
While the ambulances waited for the toll of maimed and dead.
Ye spoke of romance and glory, warm by your own hearth-
fire —

What do ye know of the lurking shapes, waiting beyond the
wire?

Did ye ever lie where a shell had burst and pray for the dark
to come,

In the pitiless glare of a white-hot sun — add that into your
sum!

Did ye ever see your buddy fall, with his face half shot away,
And grip your rifle and go ahead — for a dollar-ten per day?
Ye did your part to win the war — at "cost plus ten per cent,"

FRANK C. TILLSON

And our wives and children lived at ease on the lordly sums
we sent.

Truly, ye are the Statesmen, and with words ye cloud the air,
For ye have made the bargain and said, "The price is fair,
Not as a part of a contract, not as a debt we owe."

So ye gave us a ribboned medal — and told us that we
might go.

The war ye made is finished,
The peace ye made is done,
And we, who fought, are forgotten
After the war is won.
Truly, ye are the Statesmen,
Masters of high and low,
And we but the men who did the task —
What of the debt ye owe?

D R I F T W O O D

Battered and weathered and worn,
Half buried, I lie in the sand.
I, who have sailed on the sea,
Come to my graveyard — the land.

Yet I have heard the whisper of the lazy tropic breeze,
Where the moonlight makes a mirror of the sea:
And I have heard the North Wind when the wet sails freeze,
And the ice ghosts come a-drifting on the lee.
I have sailed to busy cities and to tiny unknown ports,
I have seen the Strong Men die that I might live,

FRANK C. TILLSON

For the Ship is more than sweetheart to the men who reef the
sails;

I have known the sea — and all the sea can give.

Battered and weathered and worn —

Yet waste not your pity on me.

Driftwood, I lie on the beach;

Still — I have sailed on the Sea.

ELEANOR MARY TITUS

SHADOW OF NIGHT

Give me the soft warm dark to hold me,
With the breath of lilac and grasses
And its pale shadow of lilies.
Bear me in your arms, O Mother of Stars,
Lay me in your cool deep pool.

INTERLUDE

Wings of the night are hung with stars
Clear as the peacock's argus plume;
Darkness lies with the deodars.
Hush they chanting, golden moon;
Silence stirs in the deodars.
Still thy croon.

EXULTATION

I will gather me the winds
That shake the branches of strong trees;
I will gather me the twelve winds
Dwelling in distant skies,
That swirl and fall, and swirl again
To peaks of immeasurable windy heights.
Then shall I fling myself upon their starry wings
And blow to the tips of the world.

HELEN WALKER TRUESDELL

NAPLES, 1590

The same old scene of the same old play:
An arbor seat, with sculptured naiads and a faun;
Flapping vine-leaves; level lawns, trimmed hedges,
And the scent of opening buds;
And golden sunlight of the waning afternoon.

Two sitting alone in the garden-seat;
Alone, but for the great soft breeze that, like a mother,
Folded caresses about them,
And made them each to each like children at a mother's knee:
Fearless, and yet afraid.

There was a movement that stirred not, among the growing
things.

He looked about; a calm, searching glance
That penetrated all, yet worshiped all —
The calmness of eternity.

She threw back a sun-crowned head,
Laughed softly, knowing not why,
Stretching out jewelled fingers to catch the joyous breeze.
"Oh, the wind!" she said, and sighed.

Ribbons of sunlight fluttered through
The lattice-work of twinkling leaves
And, dancing with the leaves, her eyes caught up the sun-
beams from the west.

They spoke but of such things as all might speak of,
You or I, with silences, and frank replies;
Of Ponci's voice last night,
The new head in oil by Cosimo Bello,

HELEN WALKER TRUESDELL

And Bernardino's jest before the masque.
It was all as any other day, she thought,
Save that breathless, crystalline dreams floated, hovering,
In the sunlight.
Her eyes wandered from the golden lawns
To his face and his eyes fixed on her;
His black beard and hair, matched only by his velvets —
Save for the thread of silver at his temple;
His eye blue and fearless as her own.
His gaze had followed the half-seen roundness of her arm,
The smooth curve of her neck,
And had rested in the wonderland of her sunset-tinted hair.
"There was a day," he thought, "when Italy and I were
 young."
She knew, and clasped blue-veined hands
Over her silken knees.

S O R C E R E S S

She wove a spell of quiet mystery
About us in the dusk,
The two who were to part that night
With casual farewell
And keep an ocean in between forevermore.
She sat so lone, and light, and frail,
Touching keys softly,
Scarcely swaying in her veils and lace,
A quiet spider in a web of sound
That throbbed, and pulsed, and clung
Until, in the pause,

HELEN WALKER TRUESDELL

The night stretched taut like the string of a violin.
I feared to look out at the open doors
To the summer stars over the cypress pool,
Or to look at him, dark in the unlit corner,
Motionless,
Or at her, save a glance that caught her
Twisting her pale head to one side,
And dipping slim fingers into another stream of notes,
Haunting and eastern, and faintly scented
Of tragedy,
Until the very hearts of us ached,
And our dumbness cried in the music.
Then some devil took hold of her soul
And she threw back her scarf
And trembled into chords that yearned,
And cried, and stormed our passion's very gates,
Unpitying for us who writhed there,
For him who was to stay
Or me who was to go —
And all for sake of her.
It was then we knew that she knew,
As she rose with a shrug and caught at her scarves,
With, "Here I've gone on playing and playing,
Until we've no time left to talk!
Of course, we'll go down to the train with you."

FRAGRANCE

Fragrance?

Aye, there's lavender, which smells of bygone times
And brick-walled gardens heavy with the hum of bees;

HELEN WALKER TRUESDELL

There's violets, in Devon's April lanes,
When rain-washed air cuts to the heart
Like young love's going;
And then there's earthy smells of dew-wet ferns
And growing things that riot in the blood.

THE MAKERS

We who love the stars,
The mystery of woman's smile,
Quick shadows over water,
The smell of spring, the grace of trees,
High deeds that set the world at naught —
We are forever in the debt of those
Who fix such loveliness
Eternally
In small bright words upon a lettered page.
Since Taillefer tuned harp,
All men have heard the blast of Roland's horn.
Once Homer sang on rock-ribbed Greece,
And men see Helen's face in dreams.

WILLIAM VAN WYCK

DEDICATION TO
JESSICA'S BOOK

How do I love thee, Dearest? Up to God
And past the rolled stone of the sepulchre;
With gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh;
As new-born soul turned freshly from the clod.
I love thee as old Aaron's barren rod
Bloomed sweetly so to test faith's calibre;
As Orpheus loved the shadow-soul of her
For whom through dire Hell he chose to plod.

Angels of Heaven have no holier love
Than mine for thee. No whit of earth-desire
Can touch the flame of the consuming fire
That purges the poor man in me to prove
That love be Godhead come into its own,
Thus to support a mystical white throne.

ORIENTAL SONNET

Dearest, my caravan hath strayed beside
The lotos-pool where purple flowers blow!
There I have found thee dew-mouthed, starry eyed;
The sweetest flower of all the flowers that grow!
Thou art oasis to my wandering.
Thou art my soul's own caravanserai;
Turning a bleak life-winter to life-spring!
Hold me, enfold me closer, lest I die
Of kissing thy gay lips' bright scarlet thread;

WILLIAM VAN WYCK

Finding thy breasts a pillow soft indeed —
Ivory-mellow for my weary head —
Clinging and swelling to mine every need.
Allah of lovers! In thine eyes that blaze,
I have love-quietude and tender ways!

MICHELANGELO

(From Some Gentlemen of the Renaissance)

Your Holiness, your haste fits none too well
The wit one should expect from God-on-earth.
God must know art, and you, His worldly voice,
Might know it too, could you but curb your rage
To have it finished. Popes are like the rest
Of mortal men it seems, to show such spleen.
Were you stuck here upon your back, the dust
Of this old mouldy ceiling in your eyes,
You too might twitch to watch a spider crawl
Across your vision, a bare hand's breadth off;
Though it spins silk far finer than the stuff
The Romans buy to keep them dry and warm.
You like the half? And well you should indeed.
It turned Urbino green with jealous rage,
And now a later manner he affects,
Merely for having seen this mighty half.
Your Holiness, your hurry is intense;
But pope or Christendom can't hurry me.
Creation done too hastily defeats
Its own perfection, lacking in design.
I'll finish it to satisfy myself.

WILLIAM VAN WYCK

Can one unfold God's wisdom by the ell?
You're satisfied ere I be satisfied.
My satisfaction comes from knowledge. Yours
Comes from the wish that I be through with it,
That all the world may gape at the new toy
Which pictures God for your aggrandizement.
Although you criticise the way I dress
My men and women, were they rich in gold
Would they be holy ones of far-off days
When riches were despised by men of God?
Your Holiness, let not your taste in clothes
Ruin a work that all the world will call
My masterpiece through all the years it lasts
Before it drops and crumbles into dust.
And do you think I do not wish it done?
It is no pleasure to lie here asprawl
Beneath this plaster, panting for fresh air.
Indeed, and were this thing to pleasure you,
I'd fling it down; but all the world will come
To sit in judgment on God's universe,
And find me even sweeter than they thought.
Thus is the greatest gesture of my life
Flouted by one impatient for its end.
You'll have me from this scaffold? Ere you do,
I'll tear this ceiling down. There goes a pot
Of vermeil that your cope cannot outvie
In ruby. Now be off and vent your rage
On one more worthy to receive it. Go!
Leave me to paint the blessed and the damned.

DOROTHY LILLIS WALKER

T O D A Y

Today I went down by the little dry brook
Where we lay together on the smooth dry grass,
That summer noon so long ago,
And gazed up through the oak trees' spotted shade
At two black buzzards floating in the sky.
Not one short year — and yet
The small green flies have buzzed an age of song.
Only one buzzard reeled there today
And on the bank whereon we lay
Had sprung up meadow grass and yellow violets.

D E A T H I N S P R I N G T I M E

Under the heavy, leaden sky
The purring bees fly dully by,
Not heeding the daisy-dappled lawn,
Nor the bare, brown boughs, whence the leaves are gone,
The patient earth and square-cut hedges,
Nor shooting blades like little wedges,
Nor silent stones of granite grey.
A rain-drop splashes on damp, moist clay.
But above the cross, like a rosy plume,
A peach tree spurts into sudden bloom.
The world is wakened at a breath,
And all things live again — save Death!

I N P E A C E T H E Y R E S T

In peace they rest
As wearied with a long day's task,

DOROTHY LILLIS WALKER

Each with his bright face unafraid
As when he met the figure with the blackened mask.

In peace they rest,
Each with a cross above his erstwhile-tousled head,
Just as they might have looked
Had we been there to lay them in this darker bed —
The last.

In peace they rest,
Each in his place, each with his soft-closed lids,
And with his smile long-loved in mother's dreams.
Life bids; Love bids; but Death bids
Last.

F A L L

Flutter of wayward leaves,
Rustle of dry wind,
Twitter of hasty birds,
Rose-gold patches on bare worn earth,
Turquoise sky flecked with matrix of mist:—
Spring's dream of immortality
Unfulfilled.

NELLIE WHYBARK

PHANTOM

Our love died years ago —
Do you remember?
It was but a paltry thing of flame and tinsel.
We watched it, laughing,
As a harlequin in jest
Makes a toy of his lady's vows,
Newly written and tearfully sworn
On fragrant tissue.
In mock savagery
He tears them and tosses them high;
Laughing,
He dances on spinning toes
In a rain of pale-tinted atoms.
So we laughed —
And little thought the toy had vanished.

It was years ago —
Do you remember?
Yet this evening just before candle-light
A boy ran past my window,
Laughing softly like a harlequin —
Dropping ice in my heart!

TO ONE IN MOTLEY

I was weary
When I found you in Arden.

Beneath gaunt, ragged trees,
Through faint blue shadows
And rifts of white moon-dust
You tiptoed

NELLIE WHYBARK

Softly, with eery cunning,
In suit of motley and elves' green —
Quiet as drawn breath,
Save for the ghostly tinkling of the bells
Upon your cap and hooded sleeves.
You droned an old tune —
"Hey-nonny o" —
And frisked the rhythm with your capering toes.
You talked with me a moment
Of shepherds, and of courts and kings,
Juggling your words wisely
And wagging your head
At the sage nonsense of your philosophy.
One moment only —
And with scarce a glance you went,
Dancing upon your heels with toes absurdly pointed.

I have hunted
And I cannot find Arden —
But when I close my eyes
I can hear the tinkling of a fool's bells.

QUERY

The silken crinkle of a grey sea,
A low-hung cloud of yellow pearl,
A thin white ribbon of smoke
Left balancing in the blue dusk
By a vagabond wind —
Why is it that I remember these things
When I have forgotten
The meaning of yesterday's tears?

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